THRILLING TALES OF HORROR & SUSPENSE

MAY 1952

DARK MYSTERIES

NO. 6

Supermouse
STARTLING COMICS
JETTA
MYSTERY COMICS
FANTASTIC TALES
COSMO CAT
STARTLING COMICS
STRANGE MYSTERIES
DARING ADVENTURES
STARTLING COMICS
MYSTERY Tales
EXCITING COMICS
Famous Funnies
STRANGE WORLDS
WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM
JETTA
STARTLING COMICS
MYSTERY Tales
STARTLING COMICS
BARNYARD COMICS
EXCITING COMICS
EERIE
EXCITING COMICS
CASPER CAT
DARING ADVENTURES

THRILLING TALES OF HORROR & SUS
MA
EERIE ADVENTURES
DARK MYSTERIES
NO. 6
HAVE NO FEAR, DEAR, IT WON'T HURT. YOUR TIME HAS COME...SEE IT FITS...NOW!
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE! THAT NOOSE HAS MY NAME ON IT...YOU ARE...DEATH!
IF THE NOOSE FITS WEAR IT! AND OTHER STORIES.
TALES OF HORROR AND SUSPENSE.

ecialist Says: Where It Shows Most **WEIGHT** **REDUCE** MOST ANY PART OF THE BODY WITH

ELECTRIC Spot Reducer

Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing Penetrating Massage

UNDERWRITERS LABORATORY APPROVED

Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—MASSAGE!

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY Without Risking HEALTH

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased quickened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters laboratory approved.

MAIL THIS 10 DAY FREE TRIAL COUPON NOW!

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only $1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman $8.95 plus delivery—or send $9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON now!

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. E-944,
318 Market St., Newark, N. J.

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose $1. Upon arrival I will pay postman only $8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

☐ SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose $9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Same money back guarantee applies.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

ALSO USE IT FOR ACHES AND PAINS

CAN'T SLEEP: Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.

MUSCULAR ACHES: A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way — in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

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CURSE of the PRAIRIE GHOST!

COME BACK THROUGH THE YEARS WITH ME AND I WILL TELL YOU A STORY OF TERROR AND DEATH ABOUT A PARTY OF COURAGEOUS FAMILIES THAT HAD SET OUT ON A TREK ACROSS THE CONTINENT TO SETTLE IN THE WEST - AND FIND GOLD. THEY HAD SEEN THEIR WAGONS AND SUPPLIES TAKEN FROM THEM AND EXPECTED TO DIE IN THE WILDERNESS. THEN, OUT OF THE SNOW-STORM, LIKE AN APPARITION, THERE APPEARED THEIR CARAVAN - WITH NO DRIVERS EXCEPT.. BUT THAT IS OUR STORY...

SETH ADAMS HAD PURCHASED THE LAST OF THE SUPPLIES FOR THE PARTY OF FORTY-NINERS. THEY WERE READY TO SET OUT THAT VERY DAY.

PRINTED IN CANADA - DARK MYSTERIES

THE SECOND DAY OUT...

RIT ALLAN HAD RIDDEN AFTER THE PARTY TO WARN THEM OF DESPERADOES ON THE LOOSE.

HUBBELL NIXON HAD CONCEALED A KNIFE AND HE STABBED THE GUARD WHEN HE BROUGHT IN HIS TRAY.

"SO THESE TEN DESPERADOES KILLED THE GUARD AND SHERIFF AND TOOK ALL THE GUNS AND ALL THE HORSES THEY COULD FIND..."

ONE OF YOU TAKE THE GUN OUT OF HIS HOLSTER. NOW FOR THE HORSES!

BUT WE'LL NEED WAGONS TO GET OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

POW!

"THEN THEY MOUNTED THE HORSES BELONGING TO THE SHERIFF AND HIS MEN. THEY COULDN'T STOP FOR SUPPLIES - THERE WAS NO TIME - SO IF THEY COME ACROSS THIS CARAVAN - WELL..."

WE'LL HEAD WEST. KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN FOR WAGON TRAINS. WE NEED SUPPLIES.

O.K., NIXON!

I MUST GET BACK, FRIENDS. SINCE YOU WON'T TURN 'ROUND, BE ON YOUR GUARD. GOOD LUCK!

THANKS, RIT. THANKS FOR EVERYTHING. WE'LL BE CAREFUL.

THAT VERY NIGHT, DURING WATCH...

WHAT'S THAT? TUCKER, DID YOU HEAR ANY SOUNDS?

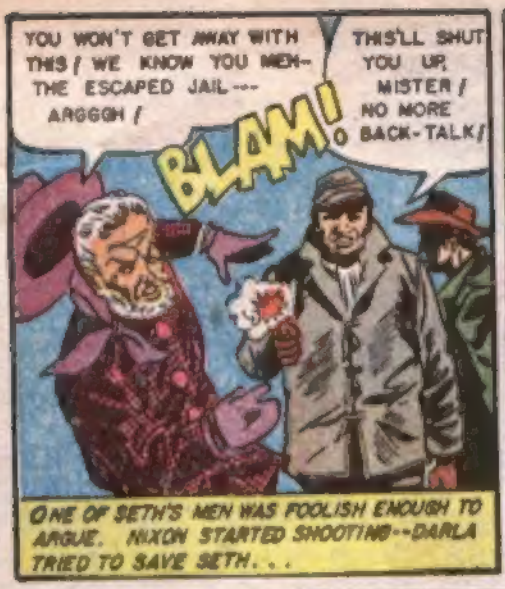
I'M NOT SURE, SETH!

NIXON AND HIS GANG CAME UPON THE SLEEPING CAMP. THEY BURNED ONE WAGON AND COMMANDEERED THE OTHERS...

BE QUIET, EVERYBODY AND WE WON'T HARM YOU!

DON'T BURN THE OTHER WAGONS. WE NEED THEM TO GET THROUGH AND FOR THE SUPPLIES.

O.K., NIXON!



THAT NIGHT DORLA DIED, AND AS THEY BURIED HER THE SNOWS CAME.

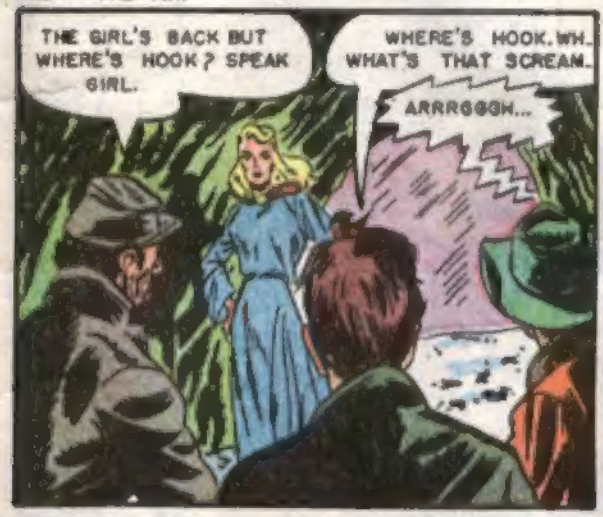
THE DESPERADOES WITH THEIR STOLEN CARAVAN ARRIVED AT THE WHITE CAVES.

AS HOOK WENT IN SEARCH OF LOGS, HE WAS STARTLED TO MEET A GIRL IN THE WOODS.

LOOK WHAT I'VE FOUND, BOYS!
HEY, HOOK, WHAT'CHA GOT THERE? WHERE DID YA FIND HER?

THE WARMTH OF THE CAVE SEEMED TO BRING HER TO...
I'M THE LEADER. I TAKE THE RISKS, I GET THE GIRL.
WE'LL CHOOSE FOR HER. MAY THE BEST MAN WIN.

WELL, I'VE WON BOYS! SO LONG... HUB IS SECOND!
LUCKY, HOOK TOOK THE GIRL OUT OF THE CAVE...


AN HOUR LATER... A BLOOD-CURDLING SCREAM RENT THE AIR.
THE GIRL'S BACK BUT WHERE'S HOOK? SPEAK GIRL.
WHERE'S HOOK. WH. WHAT'S THAT SCREAM.
ARRRGGGH...

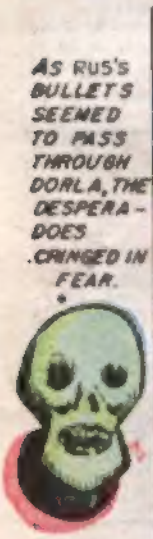
OUTSIDE THE CAVE, HOOK'S BODY IS FOUND - HIS OWN HOOK STICKING IN HIS THROAT.
HOOK'S KILLED HIMSELF! WHAT'D HE DO THAT FOR? IT'S THE GIRL'S FAULT. I SAY GET RID OF HER.
SHE'S MINE NOW! I'LL MAKE HER TALK.

COME ON, BABE. HOW ABOUT A KISS? YOUR FIRST BOY-FRIEND GOT COLD FEET. HA.HA.
HUB WAS THE NEXT TO TAKE DORLA AS HIS BOOTY...

BRR.. WHY YOU'RE COLD. COME OUT WITH ME, I'LL BUILD A FIRE.

HEY, HUB KILLED HIMSELF / HEY-BOYS / COME OUT HERE /
SUDDENLY ONE OF THE MEN CAME YELLING OUT OF THE NIGHT...

WHAT'S GETTING INTO EVERYBODY? FIRST HOOK-THEN, HUB / IT'S THE GIRL.
WELL, SHE WON'T GET ME. I'LL KILL THE GIRL. SHE DOESN'T SCARE ME.
BLAM! BLAM!
RUS TOOK CHARGE...

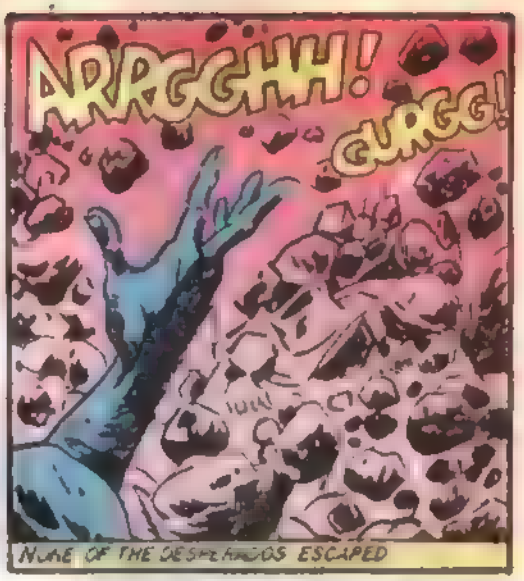

AS RUS'S BULLETS SEEMED TO PASS THROUGH DORLA, THE DESPERADOES CRINGED IN FEAR.

I CAN'T KILL HER / SHE'S NOT HUMAN- STOP HER.
MAYBE HE LOST HIS AIM /
BAM!

WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THAT GIRL - SHE'S A WITCH / LOOKIT WHAT SHE'S DONE TO HOOK AND HUB /
HE'S GONE CRAZY.

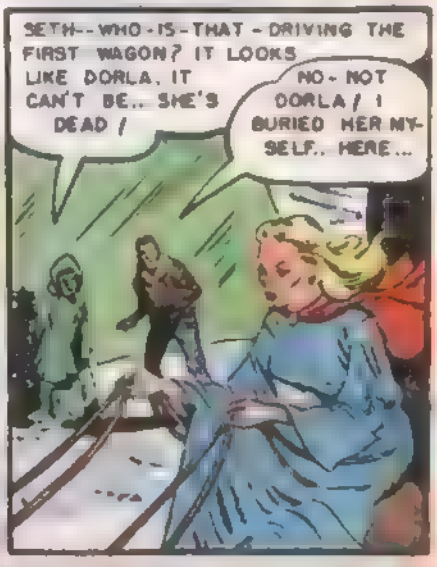
LET GO OF ME. I'M STILL LEADER. I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT SMART BABE.

I'LL BEAT HER BRAINS OUT WITH THIS---HEY / WHAT'S HAPPENING? LOOK OUT-- THE CAVE'S FALLING IN...
RUS DISLODGED A ROCK...



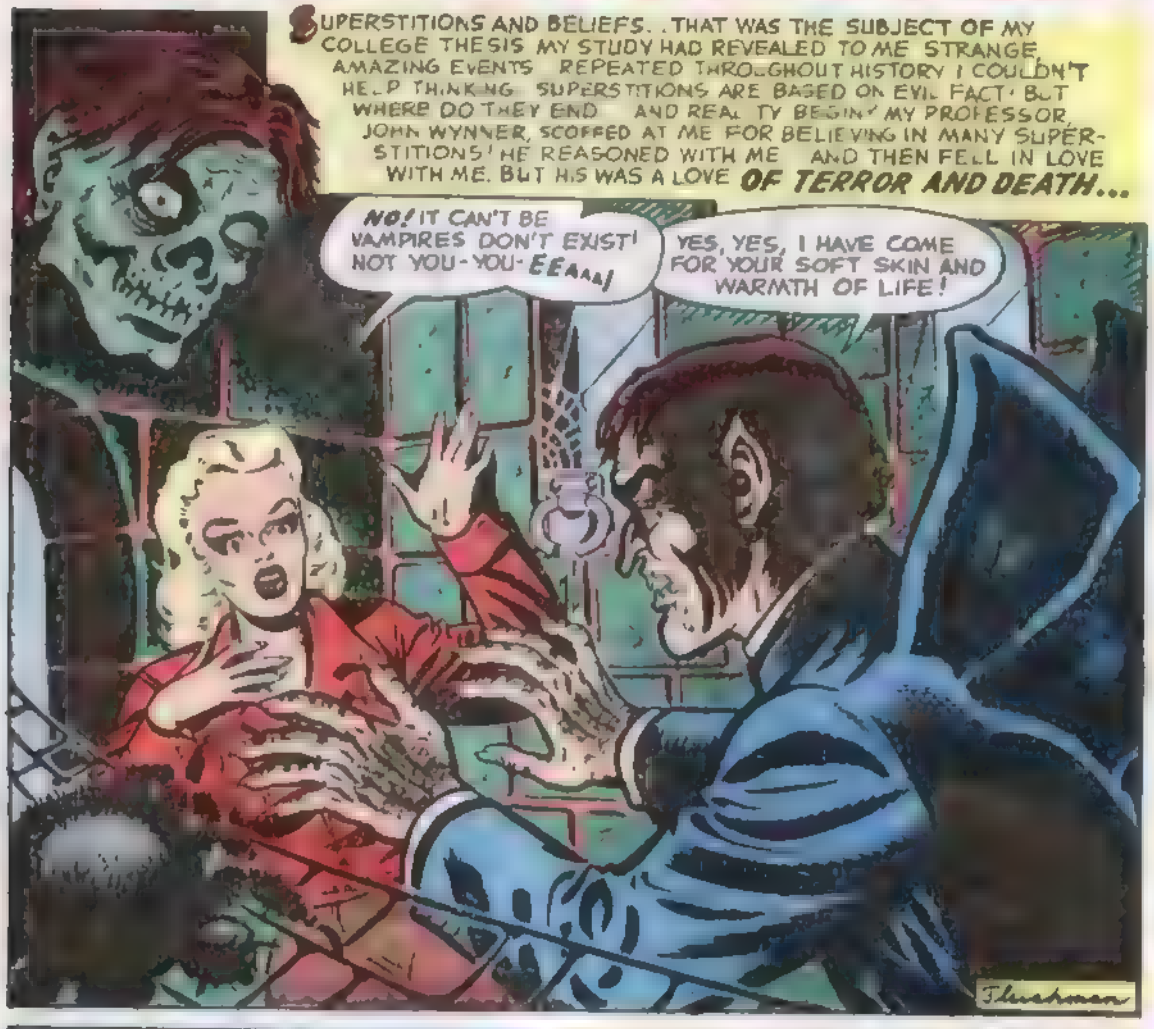
IN THE THREE DAYS SINCE THE DESPERADOES STOLE THEIR CARAVAN, THE PARTY OF TRAVELERS HAD REACHED THE END OF HOPE.

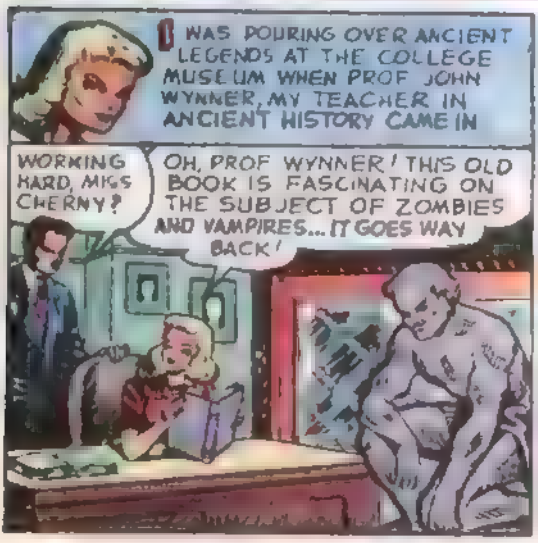
SUDDENLY, SETH SEES THREE COVERED WAGONS APPROACHING THEM.

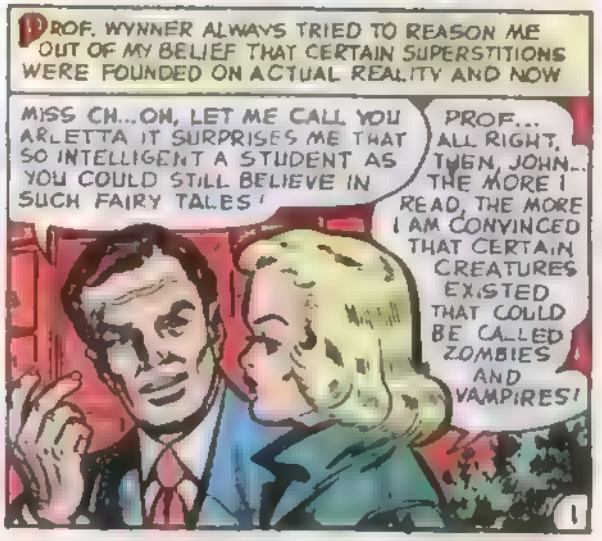


SETH HASTENED TO CLIMB UP TO THE WAGON SEAT. THERE WAS NO ONE THERE ALL THE WAGONS WERE EMPTY - EXCEPT FOR THE SUPPLIES AND..

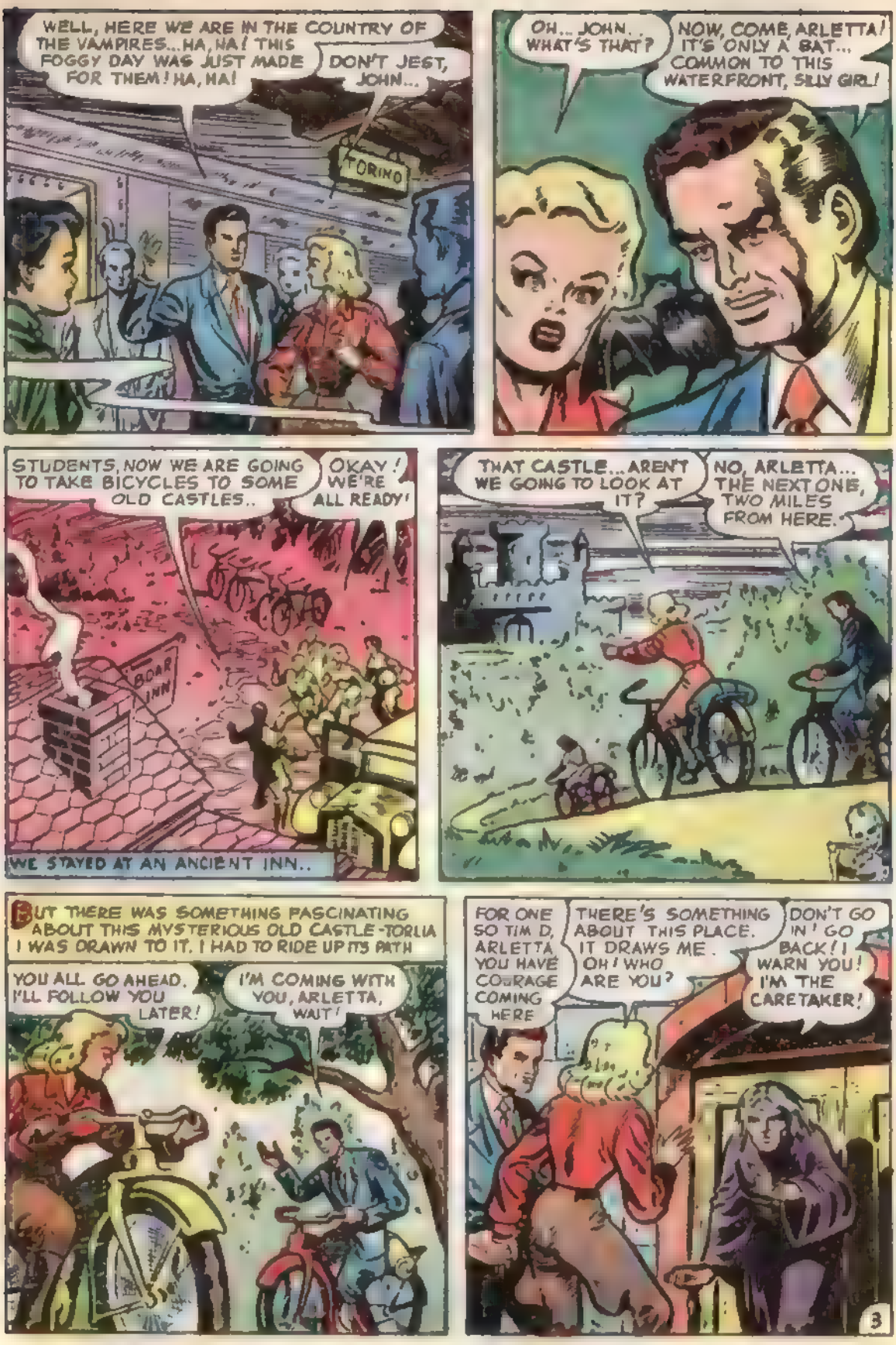
HAUNT OF THE ANCIENT CASTLES

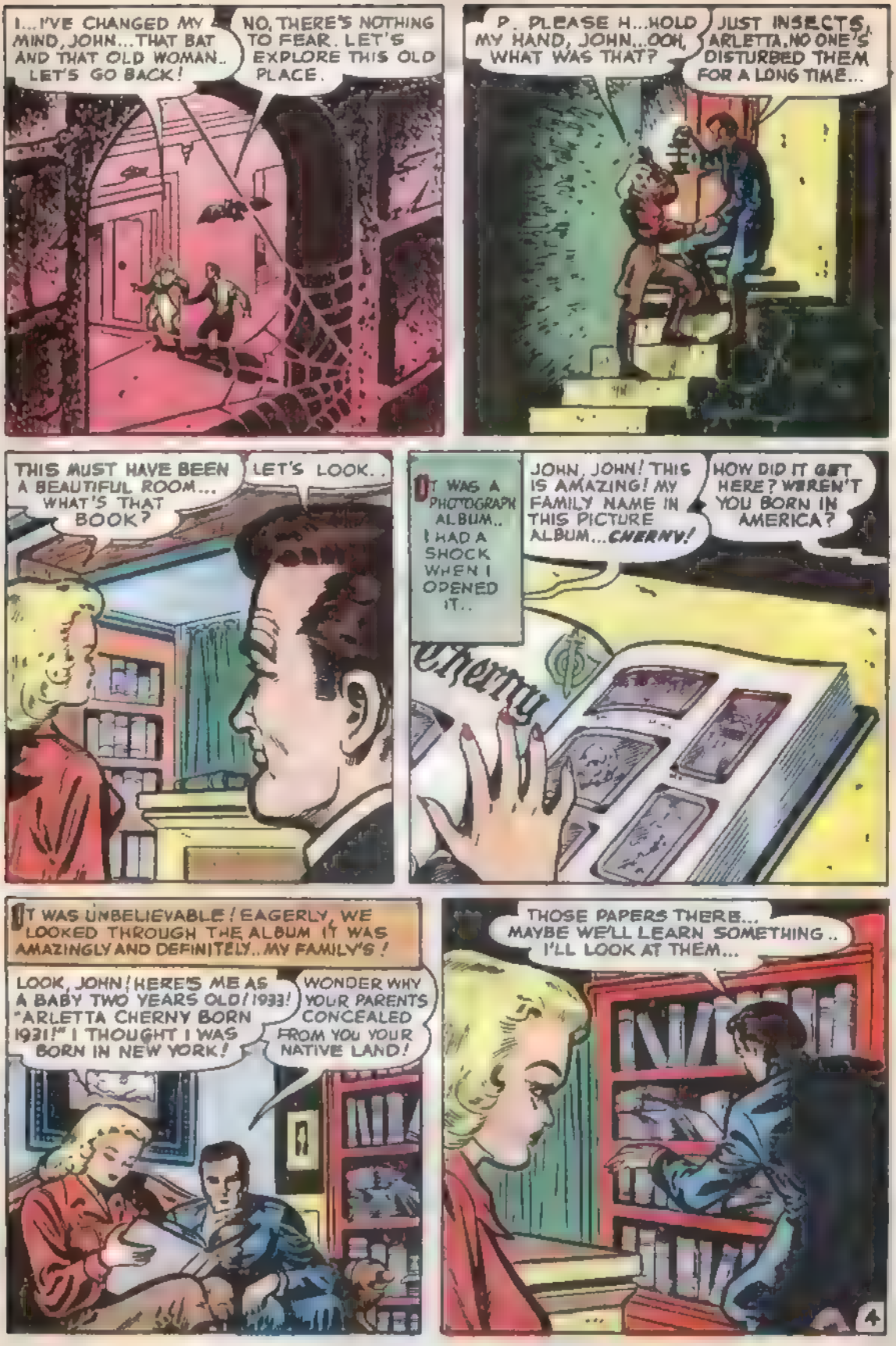






"LET ME TELL YOU THIS STORY, JOHN. IT GOES BACK MANY YEARS IN A CENTRAL EUROPEAN COUNTRY. A YOUNG BRIDE RAN UPSTAIRS TO CHANGE INTO TRAVELING CLOTHES.
I WON'T BE LONG, DEAR HUSBAND
BELOVED, I'LL BE WAITING!
HELP! ARRGGH...
WHAT IS THAT... MY WIFE!
"THE GROOM FOUND HIS DEAD BRIDE STRANGELY WHITE. AS THOUGH ALL HER BLOOD HAD BEEN DRAINED... YET THERE WAS NO TRACE OF A WOUND - EXCEPT A PIN-PRICK IN HER NECK..."
SOB-SOB! HOW DID THIS HAPPEN?
IT MUST HAVE BEEN A VAMPIRE! THERE, SEE?.. A BAT!
"THEY FOUND A RING ON THE FLOOR. IT BELONGED TO A MAN NAMED SASHA... THEN A BABY IN A CRADLE DIED..."
MY BABY!.. MY BABY IS DEAD!
YES, DRAINED OF BLOOD.. BUT AT LEAST JOHANN IS SAFE!
A VAMPIRE DID IT AND SASHA'S WALLET IS HERE! YES, JOHANN WILL AVENGE HIS SISTER! I'LL AVENGE THEM
I PROMISS YOU
"BUT AT THE TIME, SASHA WAS MANY MILES AWAY, IN A HOSPITAL.. EXPLAIN THAT JOHN..."
YES, SASHA, YOU HAVE BEEN IN A TRANCE... YOU WERE VERY SICK!
WHEN I FINISHED THE STORY, JOHN ONLY LAUGHED...
IT'S JUST A FABLE, ARLETTA, BUT YOU KNOW WE'RE LEAVING ON THE STUDENT EUROPEAN TOUR NEXT WEEK. WHY NOT COME WITH US? THAT'S WHERE THOSE STORIES COME FROM...
HOW WONDERFUL! I'D LOVE TO COME!
SOON I WAS ON MY WAY TO EUROPE WITH THE STUDENT GROUP...
ARLETTA, WHEN YOU STUDY THESE PEOPLE AND THEIR CUSTOMS YOU'LL COME TO RECOGNIZE SUPERSTITIONS AS SUCH
2


WELL, HERE WE ARE IN THE COUNTRY OF THE VAMPIRES...HA, HA! THIS FOGGY DAY WAS JUST MADE FOR THEM! HA, HA!
DON'T JEST, JOHN...
TORINO
OH... JOHN.. WHAT'S THAT?
NOW, COME, ARLETTA! IT'S ONLY A BAT... COMMON TO THIS WATERFRONT, SILLY GIRL!
STUDENTS, NOW WE ARE GOING TO TAKE BICYCLES TO SOME OLD CASTLES..
OKAY! WE'RE ALL READY!
BOAR INN
WE STAYED AT AN ANCIENT INN..
THAT CASTLE...AREN'T WE GOING TO LOOK AT IT?
NO, ARLETTA... THE NEXT ONE, TWO MILES FROM HERE.
BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING FASCINATING ABOUT THIS MYSTERIOUS OLD CASTLE-TORLIA I WAS DRAWN TO IT. I HAD TO RIDE UP ITS PATH
YOU ALL GO AHEAD. I'LL FOLLOW YOU LATER!
I'M COMING WITH YOU, ARLETTA, WAIT!
FOR ONE SO TIM D, ARLETTA YOU HAVE COURAGE COMING HERE
THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THIS PLACE. IT DRAWS ME. OH! WHO ARE YOU?
DON'T GO IN! GO BACK! I WARN YOU! I'M THE CARETAKER!
3


I...I'VE CHANGED MY MIND, JOHN...THAT BAT AND THAT OLD WOMAN.. LET'S GO BACK!
NO, THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR. LET'S EXPLORE THIS OLD PLACE.
P. PLEASE H...HOLD MY HAND, JOHN...OOH, WHAT WAS THAT?
JUST INSECTS, ARLETTA. NO ONE'S DISTURBED THEM FOR A LONG TIME...
THIS MUST HAVE BEEN A BEAUTIFUL ROOM... WHAT'S THAT BOOK?
LET'S LOOK..
IT WAS A PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM.. I HAD A SHOCK WHEN I OPENED IT..
JOHN, JOHN! THIS IS AMAZING! MY FAMILY NAME IN THIS PICTURE ALBUM...CHERNY!
HOW DID IT GET HERE? WEREN'T YOU BORN IN AMERICA?
Cherny
IT WAS UNBELIEVABLE! EAGERLY, WE LOOKED THROUGH THE ALBUM IT WAS AMAZINGLY AND DEFINITELY.. MY FAMILY'S!
LOOK, JOHN! HERE'S ME AS A BABY TWO YEARS OLD! 1933! "ARLETTA CHERNY BORN 1931!" I THOUGHT I WAS BORN IN NEW YORK!
WONDER WHY YOUR PARENTS CONCEALED FROM YOU YOUR NATIVE LAND!
THOSE PAPERS THERE... MAYBE WE'LL LEARN SOMETHING.. I'LL LOOK AT THEM...
4

ARLETTA THESE LETTERS AND DIARIES .. THEY TELL THE WHOLE STORY OF YOUR FAMILY
IT WAS UNBELEVABLE BUT JOHN WAS READING A CONTINUATION OF THE SAME STORY . HAD RELATED TO HIM..
JOHN READS FROM THE ANCIENT BOOK "YOUR FATHER WAS WORRIED BECAUSE THE TOWNSFOLK WERE BLAMING THE CHERNY FAMILY FOR THE VAMPIRE DEATHS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD
IT'S THE CHERNYS ... ALL OF THEM! WE MUST DESTROY ALL THE CHERNY FAMILY! THEY'RE VAMPIRES!
MY FAMILY IS IN DANGER!
"YOUR FATHER HURRED HOME, FROM THE HOSPITAL . HE WAS WORRIED ABOUT THE THREAT TO THE FAMILY"
IT'S GOOD YOU'RE BACK SASHA. I WAS CONCERNED THERE ARE HORRIBLE TALES OF VAMPIRES GOING AROUND
I HURRIED HOME. ...WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN HEARING DEAR?
"YOUR MOTHER TOLD YOUR FATHER THAT SHE HAD HEARD FROM THE SERVANTS THAT THERE HAD BEEN STRANGE DEATHS IN THE VILLAGE-BY A VAMPIRE. EVEN CHILDREN WERE VICTIMS!"
IT'S JUST HORRIBLE, SASHA! OH HERE'S ARLETTA! COME HERE, MY BABY!
I MUST TELL YOU SOMETHING, HELENA TAKE ARLETTA TO HER ROOM NOW!
HELENA - THEY'RE BLAMING OUR FAMILY THE CHERNYS... THEY SAY WE ARE THE VAMPIRES
BUT, SASHA . HOW CAN THEY? WE KNOW THE VINQUO ANCESTORS ARE THE REAL VAMPIRES! CAN'T WE PROVE IT TO THE VILLAGERS?
THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE DARLING! WE MUST PACK NECESSITIES AND FLEE TONIGHT! THEY'RE EXCITED AND WILL COME HERE TONIGHT!
OH, MY GOD! MY POOR BABY ARLETTA
"AND SO YOU AND YOUR FAMILY FLED TO AMERICA ."
5

I WAS STUNNED BY THIS HISTORY OF THE CHERNYS. ALL THIS WAS A COMPLETE SURPRISE TO ME AND WHAT WOULD JOHN THINK?

JOHN, ITS THE SAME STORY I READ IN AMERICA! --AND MY FATHER'S NAME WAS ALSO SASHA..

DARLING - THAT'S SUPERSTITIOUS NONSENSE! I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU, DARLING... THINK ONLY OF THAT

H--HOW COULD YOU? BUT - MY FATHER SAID IT WAS ANOTHER FAMILY - THE VINQUOS!

REALLY, DEAR! FORGET THIS EUROPEAN SUPERSTITION... THIS IS TODAY!

RIDING BACK TO THE INN I FELT HAPPIER KNOWING THAT JOHN LOVED ME. WE MET THE OTHER STUDENTS. AS USUAL THEY MOCKED ME.

HI, ARLETTA, MEET ANY VAMPIRES IN TORLIA CASTLE?

I'LL TELL FAY, THE JEST'S GONE FAR ENOUGH!

REALLY, PROFESSOR.. HOW COULD YOU TAKE ARLETTA ON OUR TOUR .. SHE'S SO FULL OF SUPERSTITION... SHE AND HER VAMPIRES!

IS IT A SUPER-STITION THAT GIRLS ARE CATS FAY?

AS WE DISMOUNTED OUR BICYCLES AT THE INN, I WAS STARTLED TO HEAR THE NAME OF "VINQUO" UTTERED BY FAY. MY MOTHER HAD SAID IT WAS THE VINQUO FAMILY THAT WERE VAMPIRES!

YOU KNOW, PROFESSOR WYNNER, WE WENT TO AN OLD CASTLE CALLED VINQUO. THAT WAS A WEIRD PLACE THAT WOULD BE A GOOD PLACE TO BRING ARLETTA!

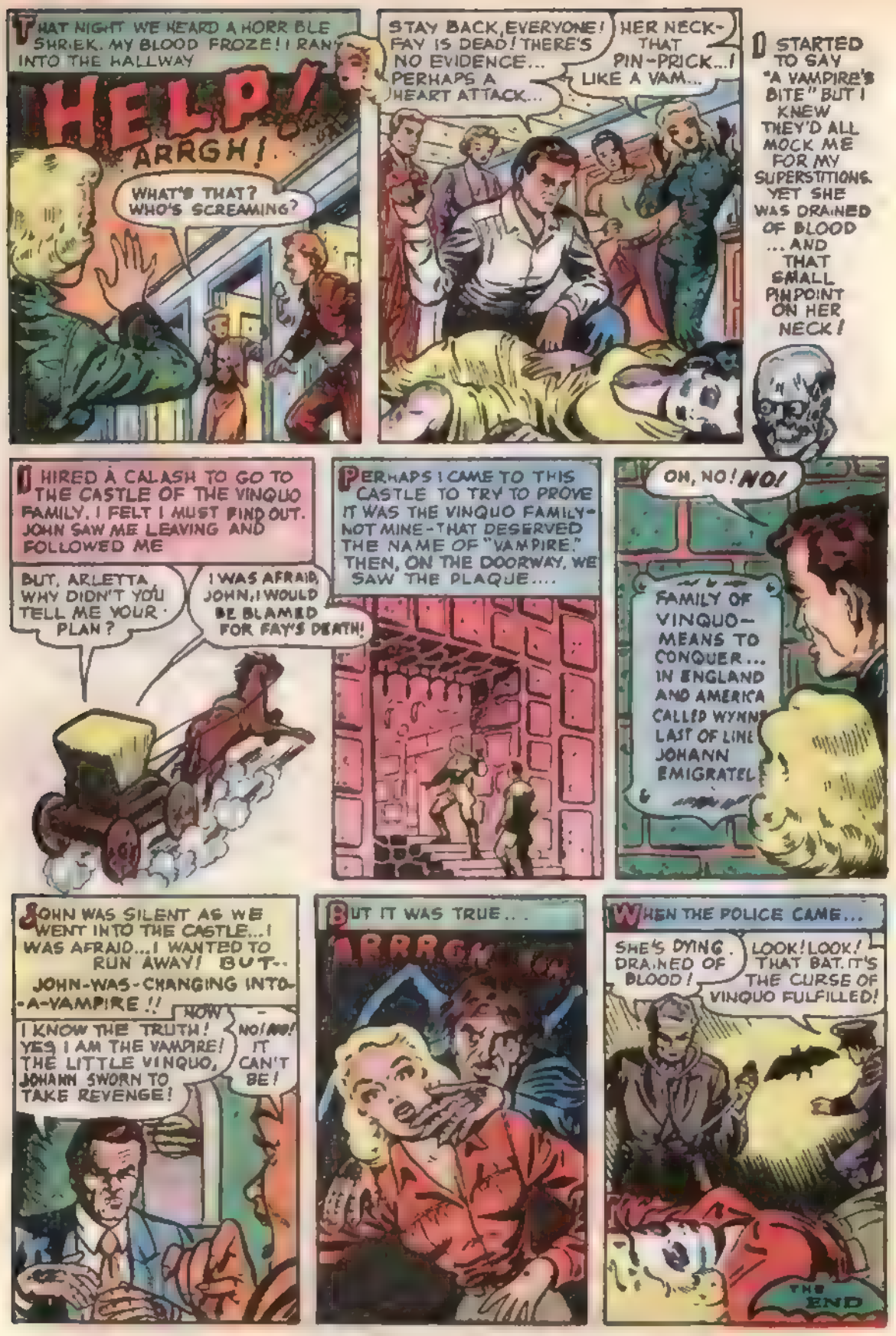
FAY YOUR CONTINUOUS JESTS WILL ONLY BRING YOU TROUBLE!

GOODNIGHT, ARLETTA, DON'T LET THE VAMPIRES GET YOU!

CAN'T YOU EVER STOP TEASING, FAY!

SWEET DREAMS, ARLETTA REMEMBER - IN TWO DAYS WE RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES!

YES, JOHN, DEAR..


THAT NIGHT WE HEARD A HORRIBLE SHRIEK. MY BLOOD FROZE! I RAN INTO THE HALLWAY
HELP!
ARRGH!
WHAT'S THAT? WHO'S SCREAMING?
STAY BACK, EVERYONE! FAY IS DEAD! THERE'S NO EVIDENCE... PERHAPS A HEART ATTACK...
HER NECK- THAT PIN-PRICK...! LIKE A VAM...
I STARTED TO SAY "A VAMPIRE'S BITE" BUT I KNEW THEY'D ALL MOCK ME FOR MY SUPERSTITIONS. YET SHE WAS DRAINED OF BLOOD ...AND THAT SMALL PINPOINT ON HER NECK!
I HIRED A CALASH TO GO TO THE CASTLE OF THE VINQUO FAMILY. I FELT I MUST FIND OUT. JOHN SAW ME LEAVING AND FOLLOWED ME
BUT, ARLETTA, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME YOUR PLAN?
I WAS AFRAID, JOHN, I WOULD BE BLAMED FOR FAY'S DEATH!
PERHAPS I CAME TO THIS CASTLE TO TRY TO PROVE IT WAS THE VINQUO FAMILY- NOT MINE- THAT DESERVED THE NAME OF "VAMPIRE." THEN, ON THE DOORWAY, WE SAW THE PLAQUE....
OH, NO! NO!
FAMILY OF VINQUO— MEANS TO CONQUER... IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA CALLED WYNN LAST OF LINE JOHANN EMIGRATE!
JOHN WAS SILENT AS WE WENT INTO THE CASTLE...I WAS AFRAID...I WANTED TO RUN AWAY! BUT-- JOHN-WAS-CHANGING INTO-A-VAMPIRE!!
NOW I KNOW THE TRUTH! YES, I AM THE VAMPIRE! THE LITTLE VINQUO, JOHANN SWORN TO TAKE REVENGE!
NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!
BUT IT WAS TRUE...
ARRGH
WHEN THE POLICE CAME...
SHE'S DYING DRAINED OF BLOOD!
LOOK! LOOK! THAT BAT. IT'S THE CURSE OF VINQUO FULFILLED!
THE END

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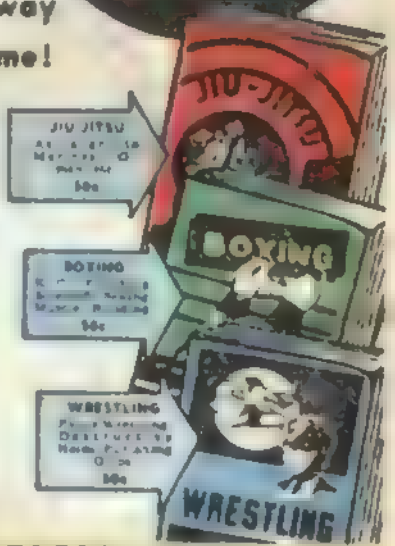

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GHOST OF THE GOLDEN SLIPPER

By ELLEN LYNN

SUPERNATURAL people and mountain climbers both like silent places. And this day the mountain peaks were almost hidden by caps of silent clouds. Henry Gorcey and his family were not thinking of ghosts however as they drove up to the picturesque Inn in the famous mountain climbing resort of Ranee. Three hearts were throbbing with excitement and anticipation at the prospect of climbing to those seemingly impossible summits—Ellen, his wife, and the ten-year-old Susan—and Henry himself. There was a happy and warm welcome for them at the very entrance for the proprietor of the Half-Way House was Henry's long-time friend, Peter Milano. Together both men had climbed some of the most difficult mountains in the Alps and it had been six years since they had seen each other.

Early the next morning a small climbing party stood outside the Inn ready for the climb. It was another cloudy day, with a cold sun trying hard to penetrate the heavy mists. Every so often it succeeded in bursting through in a blaze of gold, only to be quickly subdued by the persistent cloak of fog. Susan was bobbing around impatient to get started. Her mother had objected to her accompanying the party, but father had overridden the objections, happy that his child had acquired his zest for the exhilarating sport of mountain-climbing.

"She'll go as far as she can," he reassured Ellen. "Then one of the men will go back with her. Perhaps you, too?" Henry teased his wife.

At the top of the mountain—Henry gazed with pride at his daughter, Susan. She had made the top! Ellen and he exchanged happy glances. Susan's eyes were round as saucers as she watched the awesome splendor of the panorama stretched out below this great height. But a sudden chill overcast the gay mood of the party. Tragedy had struck a ghastly blow.

The period of rest was over and all were preparing to start on the downward climb.

"Henry, where's Susan?" Ellen's question was casual.

"Oh—she must have wandered off a bit—" the reply was just as casual.

But there was little area in which to wander and soon a bustle of panic pervaded the air. With the whole countryside spread out wide open to their eyes not a sign of young Susan could be detected by anyone. Hysterically—on the top of her lungs—the frantic mother yelled—"S-u-s-a-n! Yoooo. . . . Answer me—Susan!"

Then Henry added the full strength of his voice—and one by one the whole party joined in the yelling. But only their weird echoes answered back. No one could say how the distraught party reached the bottom—without Susan. Ellen had almost to be carried the whole way. Henry and the others frantically searched every inch of the way down. Susan had disappeared as though into thin air—with no outcry, no clue. It was night when the exhausted, heartbroken group reached the Inn. Peter Milano had become alarmed at the continued absence of the party and was about to organize a search when they straggled in. At once he knew something terrible had happened and was told the story of the strange disappearance of Susan.

Softly he spoke to his friend, Henry. "We'll get every person in this village to help us find Susan. Meanwhile, have no fear. She's old enough to protect herself till we reach her. We'll find her, be sure of that."

Throughout the night people holding flares were scouring the mountain side. It was at dawn that a boy came running and shouting—"A girl's hat—is this hers?" It was Susan's and had been found at the foot of the mountain! She had disappeared at the very top. Peter and Henry set out to climb up again—from the spot where the hat was found. They were gone twenty minutes when they both halted abruptly, ears cocked. There was a crackling of twigs—footsteps—and in front of their amazed eyes came Susan. Her clothes were torn, bedraggled, her face dirty—but she wore a happy smile and rushed joyfully into the arms of her father. As the elated group hurried downward, Susan told them that she had been getting the views at the summit of the mountain and had walked all around the edge to see the picture from every side when her foot slipped on a loose rock and before she could make an outcry she found herself falling, falling.

"Oh, daddy, I was frightened—my head felt dizzy—I wanted to cry," Susan was telling her tale. "And then as I was falling—a hand took hold of mine. It was a lady—she was smiling down at me and I stopped falling. She was beautiful. She took me into a cave and told me we'd better stay there overnight, and that she would get me home safely in the morning. We ate nuts and fruits for supper, daddy—and this morning she showed me a path that led down toward the Inn. She had beautiful golden hair. I asked her where she was going and . . ."

During this tale, Henry and Peter exchanged glances of incredulity and then amusement. Henry whispered to Peter, "She must have struck her head and imagined the whole thing. I'll have a doctor look at her as soon as we get down."

"But, daddy—don't you believe about the lady?" Susan had overheard and was indignant. "Well, she gave me a slipper—a gold slipper—so that I

wouldn't forget her . . ."

"Yes, dear," her father patiently answered. "And did you drop the slipper?"

Susan groped in the large knapsack pocket of her jacket—and pulled out a lady's gold slipper!

They were now at the bottom and the crowds of searchers came rushing to meet them with shouts and cries. Susan was lifted to the shoulders of the happy people and Henry hurried to his wife. When he came downstairs he saw Peter preparing to start another climb. "But, Peter, are you mad? Why are you going up again?"

"I am going to look for Jeanine. The girl Susan described was my fiance. I want to ask Susan to show me the path to the cave—you won't mind will you?" Peter spoke with a quiet intensity.

"Susan was just imagining the whole thing, Peter," Henry insisted. "She must have found that old slipper and her confused mind built up an imaginative story." Henry saw that Peter was unconvinced. "What happened to Jeanine?" Henry asked.

"Jeanine and I were going to be married and we had a party here at the Inn. She wanted to be alone awhile. By the time the guests had left I noticed Jeanine was missing. She had disappeared. She was wearing golden slippers—like the one Susan brought back. I never stopped searching for her. No trace has ever been found. I—I've even looked for—for—her remains. Now—Susan has seen her! Let Susan lead me to the path! I must go!"

Henry had to say yes to his friend. There was a desperate look in his eyes.

"Susan should have rest, Peter," Henry said. "But we'll go to the start of the path then I'll have to take her back—you'll have to go on alone." He agreed.

Susan was delighted with her new importance. She led the way for her father and Peter, who followed in unusual silence. Only once he exclaimed—"I've never seen this path before! I've been over this ground hundreds of times but. . . ." There was a narrow, winding path clearly marked. Henry began to feel the strangeness of the moment and the situation. What had his Susan stumbled into?

"We'll leave you here, Peter," Henry said. And he and Susan stood watching the hurrying figure of his friend, almost running along the upward path, until he disappeared behind a boulder.

Peter's last words were, "I'll be home tomorrow morning—and I'll bring Jeanine or whatever Susan saw.

Even Susan, young as she was, remained silent. Then she said—"Daddy, Mr. Milano is acting—sort of—strange. But I really did see the lady—and she was kind and beautiful. I showed you the golden slipper, daddy."

"Are you sure you didn't pick it up in the cave you went to?" her father asked.

"Of course, I'm sure, daddy," Susan insisted. "You wait and see—Mr. Milano will find his sweetheart and bring her back to the Inn. She'll tell you all about it."

There was a big party that night for Susan and a proud and tired little girl went to bed with the music still playing and coming through the slightly opened door of her room. Henry and Ellen tucked their daughter in tenderly and went into their own adjoining room. "Something's wrong," Ellen observed. "What is it, Henry? Are you worried about Peter?"

"Yes, dear, I am." Henry replied. "I thought he had gotten over his loss of Jeanine but this story of Susan's—and her finding that golden slipper—well, he isn't acting—normal."

"Why isn't he? Wouldn't you want to pursue any possible lead—even if it does sound fantastic?" Ellen argued. "He simply wants to eliminate every clue to her whereabouts. After he returns tomorrow he'll resume his normal life, you'll see."

Henry sat thinking a while, then—"Peter was amazed to find the path that Susan led us to. He knows the whole terrain as we know the street we live on. He had never before seen that path!"

Peter had not returned by noon the next day. Henry waited impatiently as the hours passed. By nightfall he started to gather a searching party to go after Peter.

"You're all tired, I know. We've just gotten over one search—for Susan—and now we're starting on another. But, frankly, I'm worried about Peter. If you think I'm foolish—well, I'll set out by myself in the morning." They all decided to go with him.

It was difficult for Henry to find the path again but, he did. There had been a stone slide which almost concealed it, and the men had to pull away rocks and debris in order to continue along the route. But, finally, a large cave near the top loomed in front of him. Henry called out—"Peter—Peter—" and the party hurried into the cave. It was empty. They went outside again, calling their friend. They scattered over a wide area, looking for footprints, or other clues, but there was no sign of the missing man.

The discouraged group gathered again in front of the cave. "It's no use," one said, "there's no sign of Peter."

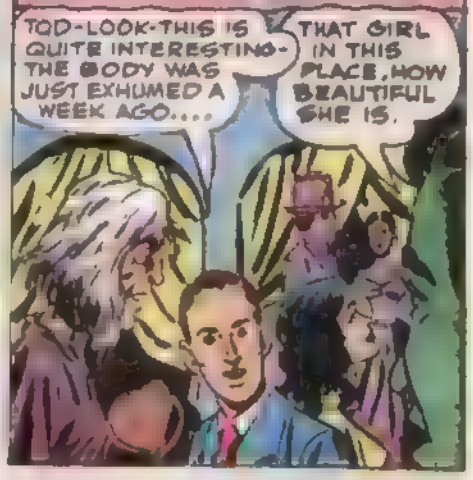
"Let's search the cave more thoroughly," Henry urged. "We'll use all our flashlights. He may have been here and dropped something—after all he headed for the cave and must have gone in."

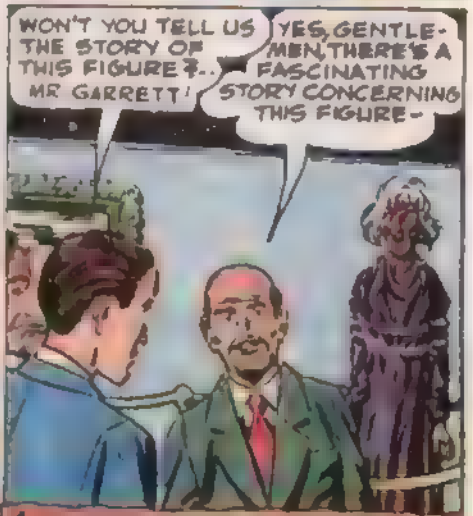
The men began a search of the cave. "My God!" one of them ejaculated. Everyone rushed toward him. He was holding up one of Peter's hiking shoes—his initials printed in the lining! Without a word they set to searching the cave again. A creaking sound broke the silence. Their bodies tense, the men turned as one man in the direction of the sound. A heavy door of rock seemed to be swinging open. Cautiously they made their way toward it—and looked inside. There on the ground was the dead body of Peter Milano and in his arms a—skeleton. And over one bony foot was—a lady's golden slipper!

EVERY-ONES LIFE IS MEASURED!! YES FATE AND DEATH KNOW THE MINUTES LEFT TO YOUR LIFE AND MINE... STILL WHEN TOD GRESHAM DRAGGED HIMSELF PAINFULLY TO THE LITTLE WHITE HOUSE LOOKING FOR HELP, HE WAS HORRIFIED TO FIND THE BODY OF HIS FRIEND, HARRY BAYNE, DANGLING FROM A HANGMAN'S NOOSE.. .....AND MARA HIS SWEETHEART, BECKONING TO HIM. YES, THE TIME HAD COME, HOW?.....WHY?.....HE WONDERED IN TERROR. BUT, NOT FOR LONG.....NOT FOR LONG.....

IF THE NOOSE FITS-WEAR IT!

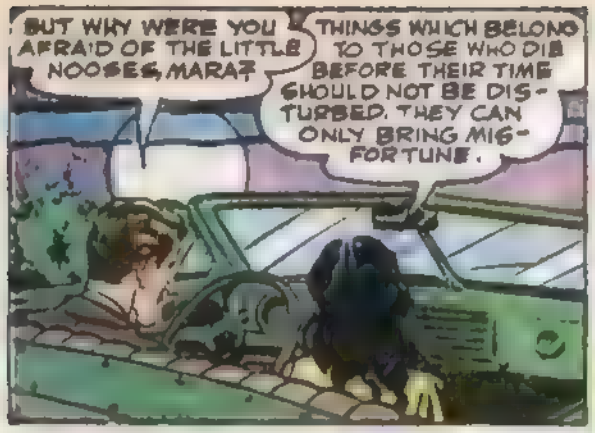
ON A VISIT TO GARRETT'S WAY-WORKS MUSEUM HARRY BAYNE WAS STRUCK BY THE HANGING WITCH ON THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE, WHILE TOD GRESHAM'S EYE WAS CAUGHT BY THE BEAUTY OF A STRANGE GIRL....

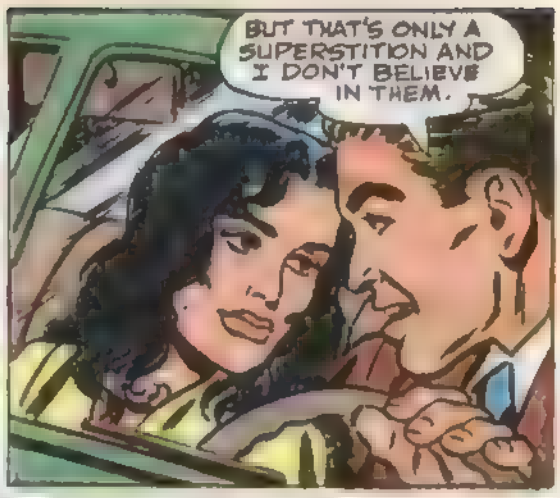


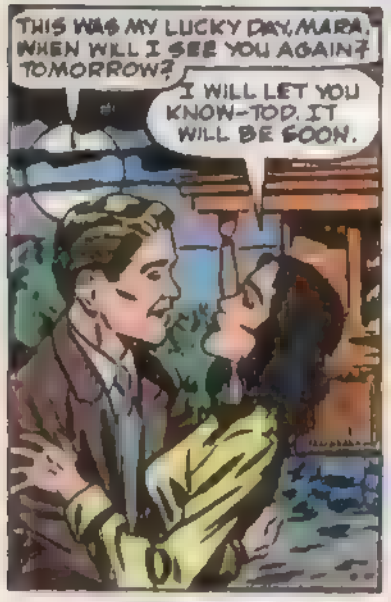


ABOUT THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO IN A SMALL VILLAGE, ELSA THE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER OF A RICH MAN DISAPPEARED....

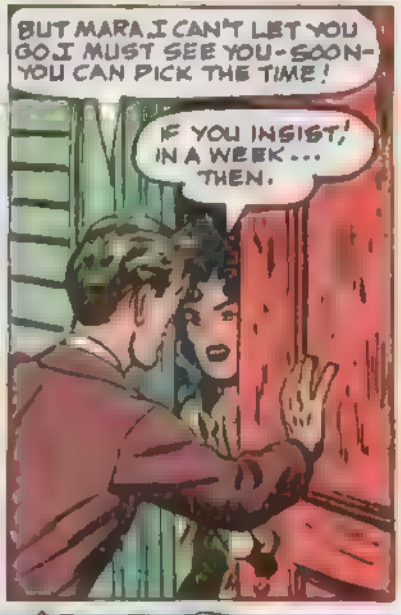
ELSA AND HER FRIEND HAD BEEN WALKING THROU- — ON THE WOODS-WHEN SUDDENLY AN OLD CRONE OF THE VILLAGE, JENNY HARRIS, APPEARED WAVING A STICK AT THEM. ELSA, HER RED HAIR FLOWING DOWN HER BACK, IMMEDIATELY DISAPPEARED. INSTEAD WHERE SHE HAD BEEN STANDING KAREN SAW ONLY A RED FOX.
HELP, HELP! JENNY'S DONE EVIL TO ELSA- SHE'S BEWITCHED HER....
STUPID GIRL! WISH I COULD BE- WITCH YOU AND ALL THOSE VILLAGERS....
AND THIS COURT DECREES THAT JENNY HARRIS, FOR UN- LAWFULLY PRACTICING WITCHCRAFT AND CAUSING THE DIS- APPEARANCE OF ELSA VENNING--SHALL THIS DAY HANG BY THE HANGMANS NOOSE AS DECREED FOR WITCHES...
EEEEH... AIEEEE...
AND SO THE WITCH WAS HUNG THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO. WE NOW HAVE THE BODY RECENTLY EXHUMED, WITH THE ORIGINAL HANGMAN'S NOOSE....
OF COURSE LATER KAREN WAS FOUND!:
WE NOW SELL MINIATURE NOOSES MADE OF THE ORIGINAL ROPE TO COLLECTORS OF CURIOS...
WE WOULD LOVE THEM!
NO-NO DO NOT BUY THEM! FORGIVE ME FOR INTERFERING BUT THEY BELONG TO THE DEAD.
BOTH TOD AND HARRY LAUGH ED AT THE SHOCKED YOUNG LADY AND BOUGHT THE GRISLY SOUVENIOR NOOSES.....TOD BECAME FRIENDLY WITH THE GIRL AND ASKED TO TAKE HER HOME.
CALL YOU TOMORROW, TOD!
RIGHTO, HARRY! I'M DELIGHTED YOU SPOKE TO US MISS.
I COULDN'T HELP MYSELF.. TOD. MY NAME IS MARA.
2


BUT WHY WERE YOU AFRAID OF THE LITTLE NOOSES, MARA?
THINGS WHICH BELONG TO THOSE WHO DIE BEFORE THEIR TIME SHOULD NOT BE DISTURBED. THEY CAN ONLY BRING MISFORTUNE.

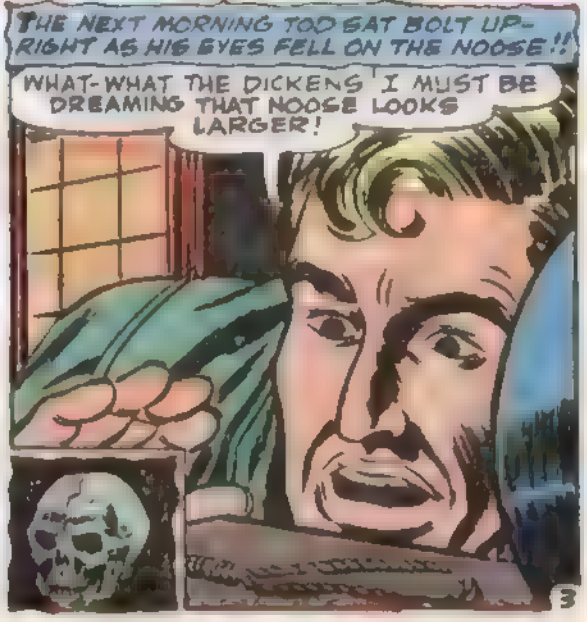

BUT THAT'S ONLY A SUPERSTITION AND I DON'T BELIEVE IN THEM.

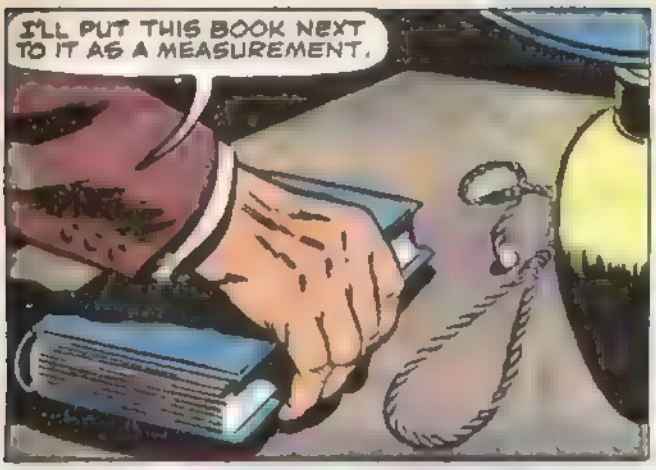

THIS WAS MY LUCKY DAY, MARA. WHEN WILL I SEE YOU AGAIN? TOMORROW?
I WILL LET YOU KNOW-TOD. IT WILL BE SOON.

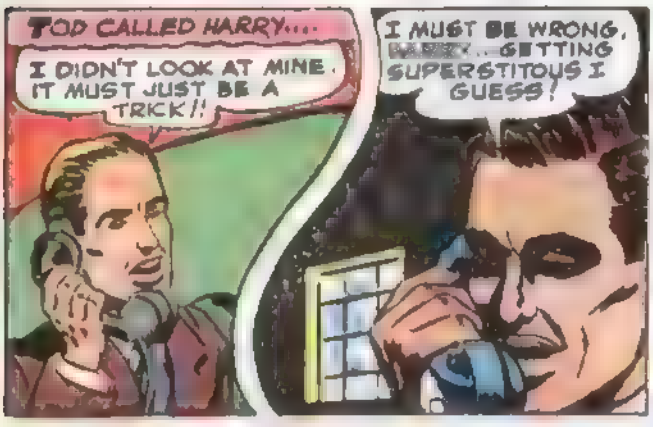
HOW ICY HER LIPS! WAIT TILL I KNOW HER LONGER!
YOU'RE A FASCINATING GIRL, MARA. MAY I COME IN?
NOT THIS TIME, TOD.


BUT MARA, I CAN'T LET YOU GO! I MUST SEE YOU-SOON-YOU CAN PICK THE TIME!
IF YOU INSIST, IN A WEEK... THEN.

YOU'RE MY LUCKY PIECE, LITTLE NOOSE. THROUGH YOU I MET MARA. GOOD NIGHT.....

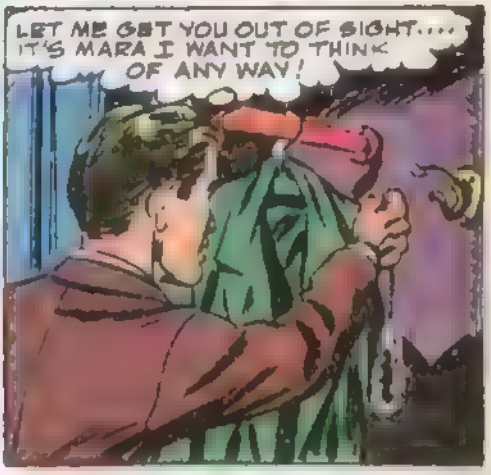

THE NEXT MORNING TOD SAT BOLT UPRIGHT AS HIS EYES FELL ON THE NOOSE!!
WHAT-WHAT THE DICKENS! I MUST BE DREAMING THAT NOOSE LOOKS LARGER!


I'LL PUT THIS BOOK NEXT TO IT AS A MEASUREMENT.


TOD CALLED HARRY....
I DIDN'T LOOK AT MINE. IT MUST JUST BE A TRICK!!
I MUST BE WRONG, HARRY...GETTING SUPERSTITOUS I GUESS!

THE NEXT WEEK MARA FAILED TO KEEP HER PROMISED DATE. AND WHEN TOD CALLED FOR HER....
NO, MISS LESTER IS NOT IN!!
THAT'S ODD, I HAD A DATE WITH HER.

THAT NIGHT WHEN HE RETURNED HOME, THE NOOSE HAD UNMISTAKABLY GROWN LARGER.
OH, NO! IT CAN'T BE - OR AM I STILL IMAGINING!!


LET ME GET YOU OUT OF SIGHT.... IT'S MARA I WANT TO THINK OF ANY WAY!

BUT MISS LESTER ALWAYS KEEPS HER APPOINTMENTS AND ON TIME TOO. YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!
MAYBE I DO HAVE THE WRONG TIME!

THAT NIGHT, WHEN HE REACHED HOME, TOD FELT IMPELLED TO LOOK AT THE NOOSE...
I'LL LOOK AT IT AGAIN, AT LEAST IT WILL REMIND ME OF MARA- OH NO! NO! WHAT'S THAT?
GREAT GUNS! I'M NOT DREAMING NOW.....
THE KNOT NOW HAD A MEDALLION!!
TOD GRESHAM OCTOBER 15, 1947
HARRY, I'M PANICKY NOW. YES? YOURS IS LARGER TOO? AND HAS YOUR NAME ON IT? LET'S GET AWAY... EVEN IF IT IS ONLY A TRICK.
I LEFT THE THING IN MY ROOM....
I DID TOO - IT'S STILL ON THE HOOK IN MY CLOSET.... WH.... WHAT'S THAT? A BLOWOUT!!
THEN AS TOD REPAIRED THE TIRE, SOMETHING MADE HIM LOOK UP - HE SAW A CAR SUDDENLY SWISH BY, KNOCKING HARRY BACKWARD OVER THE EDGE OF THE STEEP CLIFF....
WHAT... HARRY... GOOD LORD. THAT CAR HIT HIM!
HELP... ARRGHHH...
HE'S CRUSHED TO DEATH! I MUST GET HELP.
IN PANIC, TOD SPED AWAY IN THE CAR - FOR HELP, HIS NERVES UNSTRUNG BY HIS FRIENDS WEIRD DEATH...
NOW WHAT? OH NO NOT OUT OF GAS!
CHUG CHUG SPUT- SPUTTER

ONE GOOD OMEN, ANYWAY....A HOUSE! I'LL ASK TO USE THEIR PHONE FOR GAS...AND HELP!
TOD'S NERVOUS TENSION MOUNTED HIGHER AND HIGHER, THEN HE STUMBLED....
OOOOOH! MY ANKLE.
HIS ANKLE INJURED-IN GREAT AGONY TOD DRAGGED HIMSELF DESPERATELY TOWARD THE HOUSE.
I MUST MAKE THAT HOUSE. I MUST GET HELP. OOOOH!
COME IN TOD. I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU....
MARA DARLING...YOU! HOW DID YOU GET HERE! I TRIED TO REACH YOU BEFORE I LEFT...OOOH MY ANKLE!
COME WITH ME, TOD. I'LL MAKE YOU COMFORTABLE!!
BUT-ALL-THESE-STAIRS...WHERE?....
MARA-CALL A DOCTOR AT ONCE. I THINK MY ANKLE IS BROKEN.
DON'T WORRY, TOD. THE PAIN WILL BE OVER SOON
6

THIS WAY-TOD. IN HERE.
BUT-THAT'S -MY FRIEND -HARRY! AND THE HANGMAN'S NOOSE....
I-I LEFT-HARRY'S BODY AT THE BOTTOM OF A RAVINE. WE LEFT THE NOOSES IN OUR ROOMS....MARA, MARA...WHO-ARE-YOU?
I WILL BRING YOU EASE FROM PAIN....COME INTO MY ARMS...
UGH...LET GO OF ME..I MUST GET AWAY FROM YOU...
YOU'RE EVIL-YOU BRING DEATH...AND I LOVED YOU. MY NOOSE! IT'S HERE TOO...
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY-TOD!! IT'S TIME FOR OUR DATE NOW.
TOD TRIED TO RUSH FROM THE ROOM TO ESCAPE MARA ONLY TO FIND THE NOOSE SLIP AROUND HIS HEAD AND TIGHTEN IT'S GRIP AROUND HIS THROAT...AS THOUGH IT WERE ALIVE!
ARRGH
IT WON'T HURT TOD. IT'S TIME FOR OUR DATE SEE, IT FITS!!
I-TOLD-YOU-I'D-BRING-YOU-PEACE...
THE END

CANNIBAL'S REVENGE

DOWN THROUGH THE AGES ALL BUT A VERY FEW PEOPLE HAVE HAD ONE TABOO IN COMMON... THE BLOODY ORGIES OF BABYLON AND ROME... THE HIDEOUS SACRIFICES OF EGYPT AND YUCATAN, ALL STOPPED SHORT AT ONE THRESHOLD OF HORROR, AT WHICH EVEN MAD NERO AND RUTHLESS TAMERLANE SHUDDERED; SOMEHOW EVEN THE MOST VICIOUS MONSTERS HAVE REALIZED THAT THERE IS ONE CRIME MORE LOATHESOME THAN MURDER...

I'VE GOT TO GET AWAY! THESE NATIVES ARE CANNIBALS!

SEIZE HIM! HE HAS STRUCK THE CHIEF!

CRACK

THE VOLCANIC ISLAND OF OMAHINA IN THE SOUTH SEAS... A NATIVE BOY LOVED A WHITE GIRL...

THAT'S HOW IT IS, IRENE, I'VE LOVED YOU SINCE WE WERE IN COLLEGE TOGETHER. I WANT YOU TO BE MY BRIDE...

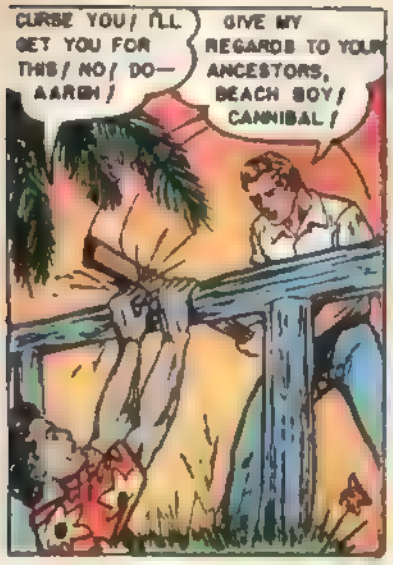
I'M FOND OF YOU DUKE, YOU KNOW THAT, BUT-BUT I CAN'T ANSWER YET! YOU ARE OF A DIFFERENT RACE.

DANGER DO NOT SIT ON RAILING OF VOLCANIC CRATER

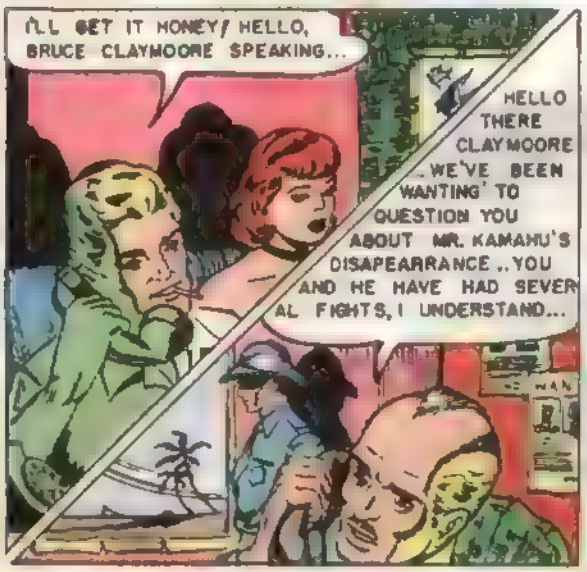
I SEE. YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT TO MARRY A KANAKA! A-A NATIVE! IS THAT IT? YOU THINK WE'RE NOT CIVILIZED.

OF COURSE NOT DUKE! YOU KNOW EVERYONE RESPECTS YOU! YOU'RE EDUCATED, CULTURED, SUCCESSFUL. BUT---

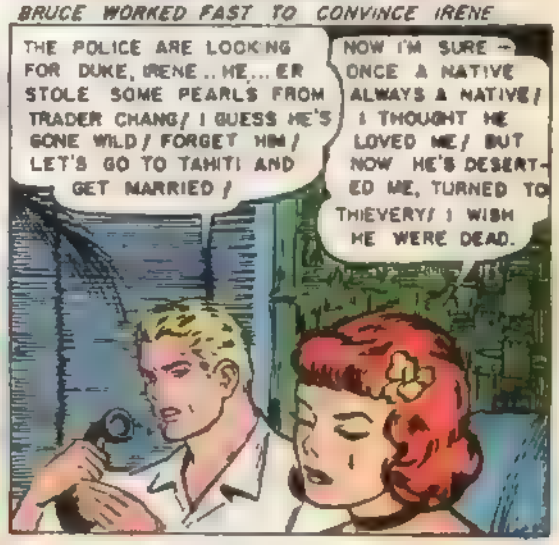
BUT STILL A NATIVE/ BRUCE CLAYMOORE REMINDED ME OF THAT WHEN HE BLACK-BALLED ME AT THE YACHT CLUB/ KEPT ME FROM JOINING IN SPITE OF MY OWNING THE FASTEST SCHOONER IN THE ISLANDS/
OH DUKE/ BRUCE WOULDN'T/
OH BUT I WOULD/ I DID/ AND I'LL RESIGN BEFORE I'LL BELONG TO A CLUB THAT LETS IN A CANNIBAL!
BRUCE/ YOU-YOU'VE BEEN EAVESDROPPING/
BRUCE WAS PROUD OF HIS WHITE SKIN AND WAS JEALOUS OF IRENE'S ATTENTIONS TO DUKE. . .
I WON'T STAY AND LISTEN TO ANOTHER OF YOUR SILLY ARGUMENTS. I'LL WAIT FOR YOU AT THE CAR, DUKE...
YOU MEAN YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT DUKE'S OLD HAWAIIAN CUSTOMS? HAS HE EVER TOLD YOU ABOUT EATING "LONG-PIG"
THAT ALL HAPPENED BEFORE MY GRANDFATHER WAS BORN YOU JERK/
BUT NOT BEFORE YOUR GREAT GRANDDAD'S TIME, EH? I UNDERSTAND OLD CHIEF KAMAHU ATE OVER 300 PEOPLE BEFORE THE BRITISH GUNBOATS PUT AN END TO HIS HIGH PROTEIN DIET/
CURSE YOU, CLAYMOORE/ YOU'VE ALWAYS TORMENTED ME WITH YOUR "WHITE SUPERIORITY"--- IN MY LAND I'M A CHIEF, A GOD
WE WHITES ARE SUPERIOR/ I WON'T LET IRENE MARRY YOU. YOU'RE NOT A GOD YOU'RE.. UGH
WHY YOU/
POW
SAVAGELY THE TWO BITTER ENEMIES BATTLE INSANELY ON THE EDGE OF THE LAVA-FILLED CRATER SUDDENLY, DUKE FELL, BUT GRABBED THE RAIL/
I SLIPPED/ I'M GOING OVER/
PULL ME UP/ I CAN'T HOLD ON MUCH LONGER/ THE HEAT/ IT'S KILLING ME/
HMMM IF YOU FELL INTO THAT LAVA THEY'D NEVER FIND A CINDER OF YOU/



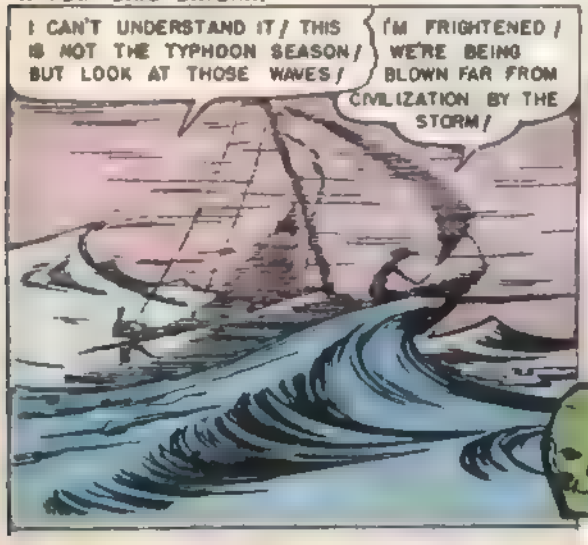
A MONTH LATER--- AFTER IRENE HAD WAITED IN VAIN FOR DUKES RETURN



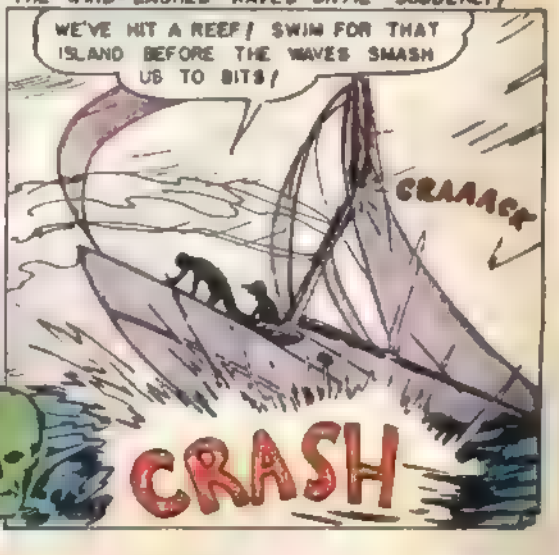
AFRAID OF BEING QUESTIONED BY THE POLICE, BRUCE WORKED FAST TO CONVINCE IRENE



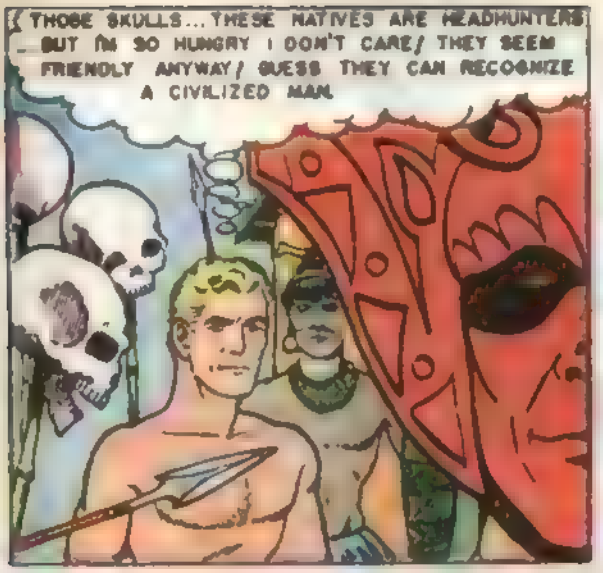
AND SO IRENE AND BRUCE LEFT FOR TAHITI... BUT A FEW DAYS LATER...



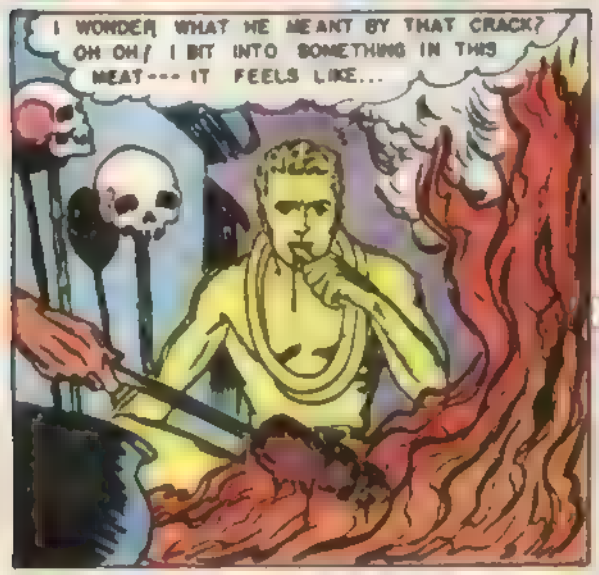
FOR HOURS THE FRAIL CRAFT IS TOSSED BY THE WIND-LASHED WAVES UNTIL SUDDENLY!



WHEN MORNING CAME THE STORM CLOUDS WERE REPLACED BY THE BROILING TROPICAL SUN...
WATER--- I'M THIRSTY BRUCE, AND HUNGRY!
HERE'S SOME RAIN WATER-- THERE'S A BIG POOL OF IT AMONG THE ROCKS-- BUT NOT A SIGN OF ANYTHING TO EAT!
LATER...
WE'VE GOT TO FIND SOME-THING TO EAT... THERE MUST BE SOMETHING! CLAMS OR FLOATING COCONUTS...
IT'S NO USE! WE'VE LOOKED OVER EVERY INCH OF THIS BEACH! THERE'S NOTHING BUT SAND AND ROCKS!
WE HAVE TO EXPLORE THE WHOLE ISLAND AGAIN. YOU TAKE ONE SIDE AND I'LL TAKE THE OTHER! I'LL MEET YOU BACK HERE.
FOUR HOURS LATER BRUCE RETURNS
IRENE'S BEEN GONE TOO LONG! MAYBE SHE'S LOST--- I'D BETTER LOOK FOR HER!
SUDDENLY SOME NATIVES APPEARED...
AT LAST SOME HUMANS, EVEN THOUGH THEY ARE NATIVES., ME FRIEND!
SEIZE LONG PIG! TAKE HIM TO VILLAGE
BRUCE IS DRAGGED OVER A SAND DUNE AND SEES..
A NATIVE VILLAGE! BUT I WAS HERE BEFORE AND THE SPOT WAS DESERTED!
WELCOME, WHITE MAN! VILLAGE OF KUMONA HAPPY HAVE YOU VISIT US!
THANK HEAVENS YOUR FRIENDLY! I'M STARVING! GIVE ME SOME-THING TO EAT! AND THERE'S A GIRL WITH ME! HAVE YOU SEEN HER?
COME BY FIRE! I SEND MY MEN FIND GIRL.


THOSE SKULLS... THESE NATIVES ARE HEADHUNTERS ... BUT I'M SO HUNGRY I DON'T CARE/ THEY SEEM FRIENDLY ANYWAY/ GUESS THEY CAN RECOGNIZE A CIVILIZED MAN.

LATER.
THIS IS DELICIOUS FOOD, CHIEF BUT HAVEN'T YOU FOUND MY FIANCEE YET? THIS IS A SMALL ISLAND.
NO FEAR, SHE JOIN YOU SOON.

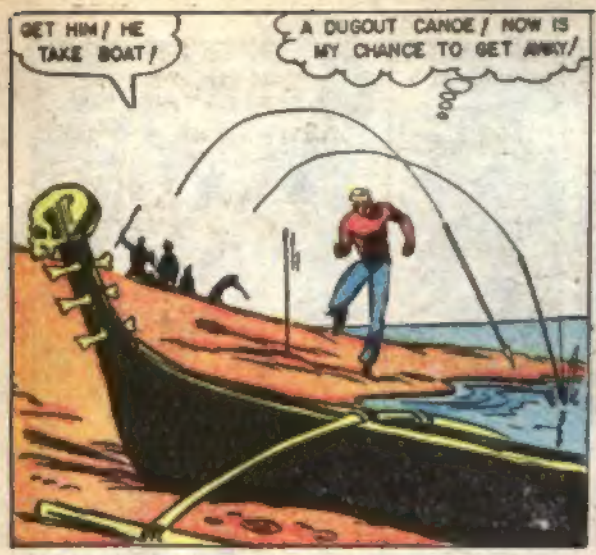

I WONDER WHAT HE MEANT BY THAT CRACK? OH OH/ I BIT INTO SOMETHING IN THIS MEAT--- IT FEELS LIKE...

A RING/ SOMEONE MUST HAVE DROPPED IT... BUT... IT--IT LOOKS LIKE IRENE'S / IT IS IRENE'S

CHIEF/ YOU'VE BEEN LYING TO ME/ YOU KNOW WHERE GIRL IS/ THIS IS HER RING.

THEN THE TRUTH DAWNED ON BRUCE...
SHE'S DEAD.. NO/ NO/ I CAN'T BELIEVE IT/ I-I WON'T BELIEVE IT/

YOU KILLED HER / YOU'RE CANNIBALS AND I— NOW I'M NO BETTER THAN A CANNIBAL EITHER.
YOU FIEND / I'LL KILL YOU /
YOU'VE ALREADY DONE THAT YOU FOOL / DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME?
UNDER THAT PAINT YOUR FACE DOES SEEM FAMILIAR....
WAIT / YOU-- YOU'RE DUKE KAMAHU / BUT YOU'RE DEAD / I KILLED YOU /
YES / YOU KILLED ME / BUT I HAVE RETURNED TO AVENGE MYSELF IN THE MANNER OF MY ANCESTORS / I TOLD YOU I WOULD.
I AM A CHIEF AND THE MAGIC OF MY TRIBE HAS RETURNED ME TO THE LAND OF MY ANCESTORS.... YES, THEY KILLED IRENE. I WOULD HAVE SAVED HER FOR MYSELF. PERHAPS IT IS BETTER SO.
MY PEOPLE THINK ME A GOD. THE STORM, THIS ISLAND, THEY ARE NOT COINCIDENCES YOU WERE BROUGHT TO ME AND NOW YOU SHALL SUFFER. LET YOUR WHITE SUPERIORITY SAVE YOU NOW /
I CAN STILL FIGHT / I WONT LET YOU TORTURE ME /
BEHOLD / HE HAS STRUCK THE CHIEF /
POW


GET HIM! HE TAKE BOAT!
A DUGOUT CANOE! NOW IS MY CHANCE TO GET AWAY!

AS BRUCE IS ABOUT TO GET INTO THE CANOE AND SAFETY, IT PULLS AWAY!
IRENE! DARLING! BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!
I AM, THANKS TO YOU AND YOUR TREACHERY! BUT YOU WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME! I WANT YOU TO SUFFER AS I HAVE!

COME BACK! COME BACK! I MUST GET AWAY! THEY'RE GOING TO TORTURE ME!
AND WHAT DO YOU THINK THEY DID TO ME!

THEY'RE COMING! PLEASE HELP ME ESCAPE! DON'T LET THEM EAT ME!
SEIZE HIM!

FAREWELL BRUCE! NOW YOU WILL KNOW WHAT I SUFFERED LISTENING TO YOUR LIES!
NO! NO! NO!

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
DON'T KILL ME! PLEASE!
WE WOULDN'T THINK OF KILLING YOU SO LONG BEFORE DINNER!

YES IT WAS A GHOSTLY ISLAND, AND WITH THE COMING OF THE DAWN THE ISLAND WAS ONCE MORE A DESERTED MOUND OF CORAL SAND.... BUT LATER A FEW CHARRED BONES AND TWO SUN BLEACHED SKULLS WERE FOUND. THEY TELL--BETTER THEN WE--
OF THE CANNIBAL'S REVENGE...
— THE END —

She'll be your "Dream Girl"
You'll "Bewitch" her with it

Bewitching

"DREAM GIRL" She'll look alluring, breathtaking, enticing, exotic . . . Just picture her in it . . . . beautiful, fascinating SEE-THRU sheer. Naughty but nice . . . It's French Fashion finery . . . with peek-a-boo magic lace . . . . Gorgeously transparent yet completely practical (washes like a dream . . . will not shrink). Has lazy waistline, lazy shoulder straps and everything to make her love you for it. A charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion . . . In gorgeous Black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHION DEPT. 96.
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send me DREAM GIRL gown at $8.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

( ) I enclose $8.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

( ) I will pay postman $8.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Heaven Sent

Oriental Magic

Out of the pages of the Arabian Nights comes this glamorous sheer Harem pajama. She'll look beguiling, alluring, irresistible, enticing. She'll thrill to the sleek, clining wispy appeal that they will give her. She'll love you for transplanting her to a dream world of adoration centuries old. Brief figure hugging top gives flattering appeal to its daring bare midriff. *Doubled at the right places* it's the perfect answer for hostess wear. Billowing sheer bottoms for rich luxurious lounging. She'll adore you for this charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion. In wispy sheer black.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 265.
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send HEAVEN SENT gown at $9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

( ) I enclose $9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

( ) I will pay postman $9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Black Sorcery

Your Dream Girl will be an exquisite vision of allurement, charm, fascination and loveliness in this exotic, bewitching, daring, bare-back, filmy sheer gown. Its delicate, translucent fabric (washes like a dream) will not shrink. Paris at home, with this cleverly designed halter neck that ties or unties at the flick of a finger. Lavishly laced midriff and peek-a-boo bottom. She'll love you for this charm revealing Dream Girl Fashion. In exquisite black sheer.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or your money back.

DREAM GIRL FASHIONS DEPT. 362.
318 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Please send BLACK SORCERY gown at $9.95. If not entirely satisfied, I'll return within 10 days for full cash refund.

( ) I enclose $9.95 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid (I save up to 90c postage). (You may get it at our store too!)

( ) I will pay postman $9.95 plus postage. Check size wanted:

☐ 32 ☐ 34 ☐ 36 ☐ 38 ☐ 40

IN BLACK ONLY

(If you don't know the size send approximate height and weight.)

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

REDUCE LARGE BUST APPEARANCE OR NO COST!

WEAR 10 DAYS FREE
SIZES 34 to 52

Now large bust women can have a new shapely breast loveliness . . . it's easy to look youthfully trim in your hide-a-away NU-YUTH Bra—developed by America's leading figure control experts—for a shapely, slenderized appearance that you thought was only a dream. And so comfortable! Don't risk a cent. Thrill with your NU-YUTH "appeal" look at our risk!

New HIDE AWAY Nu-Yuth BRA Reduces Large Appearance in Seconds

1. Special design control cups, for maximum support and youthful separation.
2. Exclusive, adjustable, midriff gives custom-made fit. Does away with unsightly "tires" without binding and discomforts. No ridges in flesh.
3. V-shaped, elasticized inserts breathe right with you.
4. Ingenious figure control fasteners make it easy to put on or take off.

Your NU-YUTH BRA is the result of a revolutionary new discovery in bra-design. Permits you to hide-a-way the "extra" in both bosom and tummy . . . AND . . . it's just seconds for the change to a new world of attractiveness.

LOOK SLIMMER—YOUNGER—MORE ATTRACTIVE

Now Hide-A-Way your large bust troubles. Easy with NU-YUTH Bra to comfortably regulate your own size. Don't despair because of sagging, heavy, wide bust. Amazing new magic laced midriff adjusts to your own figure. Gives you Sweet Sixteen separation and firmness. Chafe-proof seams, bind-proof construction and extra comfort to super-carded pre-shrunk durable broadcloth.

Adjust **NU-YUTH to CONTOUR** *you want*

ORDER 2 AT LOW Introductory Price Rush Coupon

FREE 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER

Let us send you a NU-YUTH Bra. Wear 10 days at our risk. Introductory price only $2.98 if you act now. If not delighted your money back. RUSH COUPON TODAY . . . NOW! SIZES 34 to 52—B, C, D cups. Color: Nude.

The S. J. Wegman Co., Dept. NY-712
836 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y.
Send my "NU-YUTH" Bra by return mail. If I am not 100% delighted I'll send it back in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

How Many?_____(2 for $5.85)

Bust size_____cup_____

☐ Send C. O. D. I'll pay postman $2.98 plus postage.

☐ Enclosed find $2.98. S. J. Wegman Co. will pay postage.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Try 20 Vials of World-Famous Perfumes for only $2.00

Make him say "YOU'RE LOVELIER THAN EVER." Don't miss this chance to make the man of your dreams lose his heart. Authentic Perfumes in each glass vial!

MOST AMAZING PERFUME OFFER EVER MADE

These are the SAME, GENUINE, ORIGINAL perfumes that you've seen in Harper's Bazaar, Vogue, Mademoiselle, Charm, Glamour, Seventeen and all the other leading fashion magazines advertised to sell for as much as $3.50 a bottle.

As advertised in

HARPER'S BAZAAR
Mademoiselle
TOWN & COUNTRY
CHARM
VOGUE
Esquire
GLAMOUR
House Beautiful

You get 2 vials EACH of every one of these perfumes

BLACK SATIN by ANGELIQUE
COEUR-JOIE by
FIVE O'CLOCK by GOURIELLE
COMMAND PERFORMANCE by
SORTILEGE by Cigogne
MY ALIBI by RENOIR
SHINING HOUR by Jacqueline Cochran
BREATHLESS by Charbet
MIDNIGHT by TUSSY
GOLD SATIN by ANGELIQUE

You get the opportunity to browse at leisure among 10 fragrances . . .

Perfume is one of the most exciting of feminine accessories! It can delight the senses enormously . . . be pleasing to you yourself, and make you appear lovelier to others. Because your particular perfume should be chosen with care, after wearing it and "living with it," this offer has been created to help you sample ten popular favorites. Try them one by one. Then choose as your own the one that best fits your personality.

There are a very limited number of these packets available, and you will certainly want to order for your personal use, or for gift giving. Mail coupon now!

Genuine Perfume

not colognes...not toilet waters

The manufacturers of these famous perfumes want to acquaint you with their product. This bargain offer is made so that you can try each one and then decide which better suits your personality. Naturally, all these wonderful perfumes are available at your local drug or department store in regular sizes at the nationally advertised prices.

PERFUME IMPORT CO., Dept. 76,
316 Market Street, Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the 20-vial perfume packet. I may return perfumes within 7 days for complete refund.

☐ I enclose $2.00 cash, check or money order, send postage prepaid. (I save up to 50c postage.)

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

☐ Send _____ packets at $2.00. I enclose $_____